# UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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## Original Poetry.

### COME GATHER FLOWERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE LEYDON BARD.

Come forth to the hills,
Where are clear rills,
Are under the dark shade playing;
Where the fairest tresses,
With a thousand caresses,
Enchanting as magic are straying,
Heigh ho! for the wildwood flowers!
Heigh ho! for the coming flowers!
There's no replay brings so much joy,
As gathering the wildwood flowers!

Come forth to the hills,
Where the broad view fills
The heart with bewildering pleasure;
And the fragrant breeze,
From the flowery seas,
Sweeps by with its exquisite treasure,
Heigh ho! for the, etc., etc.

Come forth to the hills,
Where sound the rills
Of water in murmur delicious,
And the soft delights—as a duty
We'll weave a wreath
From the purest breath,
To garland the bonnet of beauty,
Heigh ho! for the, etc., etc.

## Original Tales.

### PAZZI.

#### Or, The Lover's Revenge.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

Jealousy of the power of the Medici, combined with the jealousy of disappointed love, led to the plot of Francis Pazzi, the author of the conspiracy which took place in the Florentine Republic in 1478. Eugene Julian of Medicis, who had privately married Camilla Cafarelli,

It was a summer noon, and the waters of the Arno, reposing in the light of an unclouded sky, reflected the stately domes and lordly palaces of Florence, with a truth and vividness which made them appear as if suspended in the air. It was the hour when the noble and his humbler neighbor repose, and not even a zone of the silver-toned line stole from the windows to gather sweetness from the waves, or mingle with the fragrance of their voices.

In the centre of one of the chambers of a palace, gloomy and stern without, but bright and gorgeous within, on a bed of crimson velvet and cushions reclined Camilla Cafarelli. But it was apparent, from her restlessness, that the luxury of the couch afforded her little relief.

"You do not sleep, Signora," said Sylvia, her waiting maid, at length, addressing her. "The air is heavy, and the heat—" she was about to spoke, she waved a fan of brilliant feathers.

"It is not that," replied Camilla, "my mind is too full of thoughts to permit me to have any sleep."

Sylvia smiled archly as she replied.

"Ah! I should think that when two such handsome Signors as Francis Pazzi and Julian de Medici have no eyes for any beauty except your's, your mind may well be full of pleasant thoughts."

"Truly, do I, sweet lady. He has an eye like a hawk's, and there is a pride and haughtiness on his brow and lip, that will become no brave a gentleman."

Haughty enough and proud enough he is, I well know, but a hearsay—if I can read his dark and malignant features aright—would prompt him to use the assassin's dagger with as little compunction as he would wield the soldier's sword. I like him not."

"Ah, you must not affect Julian de Medici—and truly, if the one have the eye of the hawk the other has that of the eagle, and if the Pazzi have the look and bearing of royalty, the Medici has a countenance full of nobleness and majesty."

"True—but he has forgotten me of late, Sylvia."

"Not so, dear lady. Every time I meet him he asks me how the fair Camilla Cafarelli, to-day, and his daughter, the Lady Camilla,—but little, I ween, does he care for an answer to his first question, if he only gets one to his last."

"Did I not hear you say that you saw him one day, looking at the picture of the Madonna in the church of Santa Reparata?"

"Yes, Signora, and if you had sat for the picture, it could not have looked more like the dark liquid eyes, the smooth forehead, from which is parted the hair soft and lustrous as the plumage of some dark bird, and the light of a golden sunset gleams upon it, and the sweet, passive mouth, all are your's."

"I'm a remarkable favorite of your own fancy, rather than a reality. Julian saw none," said she.

"Nay, lady, it was the resemblance that drew his eye. Had it not been so, Julian de Medici would have smiled upon him without attracting a second look."

"Bring me the pale rose-colored robe wrought with silver! I'll myself to-night in contrast to Bianca's to-night. Does it become me, my dear Sylvia?"

"Yes, lady—a cheek like your's, of a hue as delicate as that morning rose gleaming through yonder transparent vase, would look pale when contrasted with such bright colors as the Lady Bianca wears."

"Yes, I am pale—too pale—and I shall not do well to trust myself to the contest in courtship with beauty so rich and dazzling as the Lady Bianca's."

"Nay, lady, I saw Julian de Medici throw away a peony the other day, which he replaced with a pale rose."

"I wonder if he will attend the revel, to-night?"

"Without doubt. Filippo told me that all the rich citizens and the haughty aristocracy of Florence would be there, and if they are, no one of them will outshine you."

"You should flatter me, Sylvia, but if I am only fair in his eyes, let others think of me as they will."

"Who is yonder sweet lady?" said a stranger cavalier to a gentleman at his side, as Camilla Cafarelli, leaning on her brother's arm, passed on to greet the Lady Bianca.

"She is the beautiful daughter, and to my eye, is the sweetest rose of all Florence."

"She is truly very lovely. Did I not hear that one belonging to the rich and powerful family of Pazzi would win her for his bride to?"

"Ay, he would win her if he could—but he may as well retire from the field, and yield to his more powerful rival."

"The rival's name?"

"Julian de Medici. Look—he this moment approaches her."

As he spoke, a young man of dignified and graceful deportment, with a finely developed, though not lofty brow, its paleness strongly contrasted with the black hair which clustered in rich curls above it, and which, unmarred by the traces of care or passion, was already crossed with the silver lines of thought, placed himself by the side of Camilla, and entered into conversation with her.

While Julian and Camilla, Bianca or Camilla noted the dark form that hovered near, with an angry and menacing scowl upon his features, while his hand unconsciously wandered to the hilt of his dagger. So swift was the flight of time to the lovers, that they might have remained together the whole evening, had not a few words of playful raillery been addressed to Julian, by his kinsman. Camilla, with face suffused with blushes, turned away, and joined a group of ladies, Julian, at the same time, advancing to an open window where several persons were assembled to the song of an improvisatrice, who stood beneath it. It was a merry lay of successful and happy love, but as her eye caught the hated some and thoughtful features of Julian, her upturned countenance, upon which streamed the soft moonlight, assumed a rapidity, fervency and she changed her song to a low and plaintive recitative. Gradually her voice became fuller, and the words shaped themselves, as if unconsciously themselves, towards the close, into the following irregular rhymes.

Beware! beware!
Though the cheekers wear a golden crest,
The lightning gleams within its breast,
Then while you may your threatning fate,
Ere another moon 'twill be too late.

Beware! beware!
For the lightning sleeps in the cheekler's breast,
Though the sunbeams quiet on its golden crest.

While the last words were still ringing in their ears, she turned suddenly away, and the flutter of her white garments was soon lost amid the dark foliage of an olive grove. A gloom settled upon the little party, for although, at the commencement, her eyes had rested on Julian, they had, as she proceeded, wandered to others, awakening in each a vague fear of impending evil.

Julian, though in common with his family, he possessed a mind more highly cultivated than was usual at that period, was not above the superstition of the age; and with that feeling which makes us fear for the success of whatever most deeply interests us, he could not help imagining that the warning of the improvisatrice had reference to the resolution he had taken to seek a union with Camilla. His mind wavered for a short time, but before the evening closed, doubt and fear and the wayward cheekler were all lost in the expectation of an ardent and trusting heart. He had met Camilla alone, and they had interchanged their vows of love. She had dismissed from the crowded rooms to an adjoining garden, and as she stood by a small fountain listening, it might be, to dreamy music, as it mingled in air in wearing the web of her own sweet fancies, more dreamy even than the fountain's music, she was startled from her trance by the footstep of her lover, and he turned his footsteps towards the same spot. Camilla's heart was weary and a kind for the chaste moon and the lady stars to look upon. The latest and more divine emotions of her soul, of the cessation of which when we such handsome Signors as Francis Pazzi and Julian de Medici have no eyes for any beauty except your's, your mind may well be full of pleasant thoughts."

"Truly, do I, sweet lady. He has an eye like a hawk's, and there is a pride and haughtiness on his brow and lip, that will become no brave a gentleman."

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"Ay, he would win her if he could—but he may as well retire from the field, and yield to his more powerful rival."

"The rival's name?"

"Julian de Medici. Look—he this moment approaches her."

A few evenings subsequent to this, Francis Pazzi, and Bernard Bandini, his confidential friend, crossed one of the bridges spanning the Arno, and passed on at a quick pace till they reached the open country. Till then, they had preserved an unbroken silence. They paused, by mutual consent, beneath a hedge overrun with vines.

"Well, Francis," said Bandini, "what subject have you for me than requires so much caution, that you fear to mention it in the church or palace, as if their walls had ears."

"There is no if in the case. I never told a secret within four walls, but that it was the common talk in the market-place within four hours. Nor should I wonder if the hedge have ears. It will be safer for us to hold our conversation in the midst of yonder common."

"The subject must indeed be important that changes thy ordinary rashness into such an overwrought discretion. I am fatigued with our long walk, and this is a good resting place. I should not be afraid even to plot the murder of the hated Medici in so retired a spot."

"Servant," said Pazzi, warmly grasping his hand, "there must be a secret sympathy between us, for the same moment would have occurred to you, which for the past week has swallowed up every other thought."

"Ah, then the assassins they have heaped upon your house, make you grow impatient at last. I know not by what right they should hold it over you or me either."

"The right of might. The people were infatuated by their father's moderation, and his recent death has obliterated his faults and sanctified his virtues. His sons are the idols of the people, and they must fall or the Pazzi must ever grovel in the dust. Not content with elevating my inferiors over my head, they presume to thwart me in an affair that sinks still deeper into my heart. Camilla Cafarelli, whose hand her father promised me at the time when Piero de Medici was a prisoner in his own house, has been won by the soft words of Julian, and preparation is already making to celebrate their marriage with as great pomp as was that of Lorenzo with Clarice Orsini."

"And which so enraged the people as to cause near effecting the father's downfall?"

"Yes, but this is a match that will find favor with the many—the few—"

"That is true—we must avenge our own wrongs. Is not that your thought?"

"Ay, and Camilla must be planted in his heart, even at the altar."

"My arm—I will beat no other."

"A good thought—but the elder brother must fall with the younger, if we would not wage an open warfare with the whole house, whom it will be dangerous to let live."

"There are many others whom it will be easy to get rid of, and I have met with too many opportunities to confer on the subject before the time appointed for the marriage."

"Then let us rove now and slowly departed. When their receding figures began to grow dim in the distance, Bandini rose from the side of the hedge opposite to where they had been sitting, and looked earnestly towards a cottage about a quarter of a mile distant.

"The light is extinguished," said she, "they do not expect me to-night," and passing a ribbon of crimson through the centre of his cap, she selected a road that led to the city in a different direction from that taken by Pazzi and Julian, that he might not cut off the steed, before the palace of the Medici.

"Has the Signor Julian returned yet?" she questioned of a serving man, loitering near the steps.

The reply being in the negative, she walked on a few paces, and seated herself at the base of a pillar, the deep shadow of which screened her from observation. She patiently awaited their coming. Half an hour had elapsed, and several had passed the spot, when a tall, graceful figure, with a plumed cap and richly wrought mantle, was discerned in the distance. The girl rose and planted herself in the path so as to intercept his progress. "Stay, Signor," said she, "I am sent by one who desires to hear from your intention of celebrating your marriage with the Lady Camilla, with the splendor and magnificence which is due to a family of well-known fidelity, attend you to the altar, if you would escape the assassin's dagger."

Harry and thin, she attempted to pass him, but he prevented her.

"There must be something more than a stripling's warning," said he, "and you are to alter my purpose. Prove to me that your words are true."

"Signor, to whom I am not a stranger," she replied, "would deem my simple assertion as enough. You are at liberty to follow or retire as you will, but I have done my duty, and by giving you the names of your enemies, those who have befriended me—who are my kin—I think that I have cleared my self of the guilty."

She looked upwards as she spoke, as if deprecating such agency and humiliation to those dear to her, which, causing the mantle which had partly drawn over her face to fall back, not as to conceal her features, to fall back, Julian beheld the pale, but handsome countenance of the improvisatrice, on whom he had listened a few evenings preceding.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I have seen you before, I think. Was it not you that sang and kind of prophetic chant beneath the palace of the Lady Bianca?"

"It was."

"I had heard of you before that evening, and that you possessed the gift to read the future by, myself, have sometimes a presentiment that I shall die early. Will it not be so?"

"If you measure your life by years, it will be short—if by enjoyment, long."

"Explain."

"When we look back upon the past," said she, "which are the moments that occupy the most space? Are they not those of intense happiness or intense pain? The every-day incidents of life fade from the pages of memory and leave them a blank, or, at best, indistinctly shadowed forth as clouds of dark characters. The arrows of anguish, feathered with the living lightning—such as scorch the brain and make it drink up the life-blood, or reached your heart, but moments of rapture, written with a substance have already been described. Nothing is remembered but light, as an electric chain which ever connects them with the present. In the stillness of the moonlight evening—the deep silence of midnight, or the calm brightness of early morning, they rise and burst upon the soul with a vivid and thrilling power, which makes us forget they are only a dream of the past. It is, therefore, Signor, that your life will be a long one. And now, once more and for the last time I warn you to suffer none to be present at your bridal, save a few well-tried friends."

"Well, Bandini," said Francis Pazzi, seeing his friend wipe had been absent on a journey, "my rival has prevailed."

"What mean you?"

"That Camilla Cafarelli is the wife of Julian de Medici."

"Impossible! At the time I left the city, the match was said to be broken off."

"That was only a feint. By some means they received intimation of the plot, though I cannot explain to my satisfaction, that you fear to mention it in the church or palace, as if their walls had ears."

"And now you intend to let him enjoy his happiness undisturbed."

"Not so. This—" and he lightly touched the half of his dagger, "shall drink his heart's blood before night-and-forty hours. It is a deed I would trust to no hand but my own—not even to your's."

"And Lorenzo?"

"He must fall at the same moment by another hand."

"But how?"

"They will attend mass to-morrow at the church of Santa Reparata. I will place my self at Julian's side, and at the sound of the bell when the priest raises the host, I shall strike. At that moment, will he have received to you, which for the past week has swallowed up every other thought."

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The first news that greeted Lamar on his arrival at Velasco, was bitter indeed. The Alamo had fallen, and many of his own friends had been murdered. The inhabitants of Velasco were flying from their houses, terror stricken, and in despair. Lamar could not even procure a horse, but started for the army on foot—after walking thirty miles, he obtained a horse, rode forward to the camp, at Groce's, on the Brazos, and joined a company as private. He found the army restless and discontented with the conduct of Houston, their chief, but a few weeks before, the fate of Texas had a constitutional abiding place. But —alas for Texas' stability!—on the fourth of June, Houston's men were told to "go to government" resumed its wanderings, and the wild buffalo and ravening wolf were invited to make their lair in the abandoned huts. Since then the representatives of foreign powers have been making perpetual excursions in search of the Texians. Still this something that the government was at "home" for three years, and that fact lends a kind of distinctive complexion to an administration of Gen. Lamar.

The cause of education received its first national impulse under Lamar. The Texans are a literate people, and with him as a friend and a stranger; but he would war with equal vehemence against him who should invade the rear of the North. With still deeper discernment he loves the beautiful land which has been given to him as a home. It has been well said of him, that "His native Union he honors as a mother—to Texas he gives the affectionate love of a bridegroom; he wooed her by his eloquence, he won her with his sword. He may chide her wayward fancies and fly from her caprices, but he perpetually retraces his truant steps to repose at her feet."

As a man of letters, Lamar has few equals, and very few superiors, either in Texas or the United States. Even in the records of our own government, where almost every year leaves some golden litter of genius, there can be found few State papers superior to those which Lamar has left recorded on the brief but brilliant page of Texan legislation. As a poet, he is original, graceful, and occasionally sublime. His productions, not unfrequently, abound in brilliant flashes of wit that might excite surprise in those who judge of him only from his quiet and retiring demeanor. But to understand the man, we must see with whom he is in habits of social intercourse, and who have become accustomed to the quiet humor of his character, his peculiarity is by no means remarkable. Like the best champagne, the lighter and more brilliant traits of his character are only brought out when he has friends around him. For them, is reserved the sparkle and glow of a spirit that is never allowed to effervesce in the full blaze of day, with whom the hand of friendship unseals a heart which has retained the freshness of youth even in the midst of battle-fields.

As an amateur artist, Lamar has also distinguished himself. Among his friends at the South may be found many specimens of his skill of painting but of likenesses cut in cameo, of which exhibit a talent for the arts, which, coupled with his characteristic skill, might have enrolled his name among our best artists as a sculptor. But Nacogdoches and Velasco blow, and Commissary General Cameron, a man of approved ability, received orders to go to the seat of government, and with as little promptitude as the resources of the country permitted, the preparations were completed, the horses, mules, and vehicles were taken from the command of the gallant and accomplished Gen. H. McLeod. In the face of a thousand dangers, and encountering a host of difficulties, he and would have accomplished their object but for the black treachery of one of the officers. At the very time the enterprise was well nigh useless. To open a new commercial route to the distant settlements of her claimed territory —to give them possession of the good will and co-operation of Texas, and to arrange the preliminary steps for a final and perfect alliance, was the honorable and politic aim of the Santa Fe expedition.

If it had not miscarried, or if the experience of the unfortunate Santa Fe band, had been acted upon a second attempt, Texas would have stood in a better position regarding the question of annexation. But General Lamar's term of office was near its close, and the impulsive Texans, ever prone to consider results rather than causes, and vexed to see their hopes dashed to the ground, were ready to denounce everybody connected with what the year before had been their project, as a treasonable act of economy, they resolved to have a conservative administration. They would feel self secure to-day—they would not think to-morrow. In all they must have a President as unlike Lamar as possible, and Sam Houston was the man.

Burnet had left office a most unpopular man, though no censure rested upon his policy, his talents, or his integrity. Indeed, the public fault-finding of his constituents could not complain of the magnificence of a President who, with the exception of Lamar, did more than councils in the compass of two small unfinished rooms, as Burnet did at Velasco; but his great moral courage in refusing to yield to the pressure of which lasts one, like an undeafened memory, and which will be remembered to the great speed, the care can so evenly on their admiration of those qualities that were not to the mass. His zeal could not atone for his ungraciousness.

Houston went out even more unreservedly execrated. His insanity and profligacy were on every tongue. Never were a people more vituperative indignant at the private irregularities of a Chief Magistrate, than the Texans. Never was indignation more speedily forgotten.

Lamar retired almost as much accused as the other two. He was accused of ruining the unhigher station of Texas. He had to borrow. He was elected President of the young Republic.

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The cause of education received its first national impulse under Lamar. The Texans are a literate people, and with him as a friend and a stranger; but he would war with equal vehemence against him who should invade the rear of the North. With still deeper discernment he loves the beautiful land which has been given to him as a home. It has been well said of him, that "His native Union he honors as a mother—to Texas he gives the affectionate love of a bridegroom; he wooed her by his eloquence, he won her with his sword. He may chide her wayward fancies and fly from her caprices, but he perpetually retraces his truant steps to repose at her feet."

As a man of letters, Lamar has few equals, and very few superiors, either in Texas or the United States. Even in the records of our own government, where almost every year leaves some golden litter of genius, there can be found few State papers superior to those which Lamar has left recorded on the brief but brilliant page of Texan legislation. As a poet, he is original, graceful, and occasionally sublime. His productions, not unfrequently, abound in brilliant flashes of wit that might excite surprise in those who judge of him only from his quiet and retiring demeanor. But to understand the man, we must see with whom he is in habits of social intercourse, and who have become accustomed to the quiet humor of his character, his peculiarity is by no means remarkable. Like the best champagne, the lighter and more brilliant traits of his character are only brought out when he has friends around him. For them, is reserved the sparkle and glow of a spirit that is never allowed to effervesce in the full blaze of day, with whom the hand of friendship unseals a heart which has retained the freshness of youth even in the midst of battle-fields.

As an amateur artist, Lamar has also distinguished himself. Among his friends at the South may be found many specimens of his skill of painting but of likenesses cut in cameo, of which exhibit a talent for the arts, which, coupled with his characteristic skill, might have enrolled his name among our best artists as a sculptor. But Nacogdoches and Velasco blow, and Commissary General Cameron, a man of approved ability, received orders to go to the seat of government, and with as little

## Original Sketch.

### MIRABEAU B. LAMAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY CORINNE MONTGOMERY.

During the existence of Texas as a nation, she was at one time honored by connection with its military and civic history than Gen. Lamar. After earning for himself an enviable name as a soldier, and a statesman in Georgia, his native State, he entered Texas, not as a speculator, or in hopes of personal gain, but as a traveller, eager to witness the infant progress of a new country, and to enjoy the beauties of climate and scenery, which could not fail to arouse the interest of a nature ardent and poetical as his.

Both these latter lineaments Lamar of a beautiful and gentle wife, to whom he was devotedly attached—his domestic ties were broken up by the hand of bereavement, and he entered the new country entirely disenthralled of all but the memory of those sweet home lands that lulled his ambition to sleep, and constituted the happiness of his previous life.

Texas was then in the first throes of her struggle with Mexico. Lamar found her unresisting for the rights of independence. Many of those sons had been his neighbors and friends at home, and it was impossible for his native like his, brave, generous, and full of that spirit which threw a golden glow over the ages of chivalry, to remain inactive when those of his own blood were involved in danger's strife.

With all the energy of his lofty and daring character, he plunged into the strife, which was every day waxing stronger and fiercer in the new land.

He travelled through the country—not as a mere spectator, philosophizing upon the avocations that grew turbulent along his path—not as a poet, dreaming amid the flowers of the prairie-land, through which his journeying led—but as a patriot, urged to generous action by the wrong and suffering which surrounded him. He visited the people, and urged them by his eloquence, to action, in their own behalf. He became a leading spirit among those men who guided the destinies of the young republic, and plunged into the struggle for liberty, which was going on with more self-devotion than marked many of those who had identified with their interests with the land. Leaving the spirit which his eloquence had excited, to kindle and burn in the hearts of those who had listened, Lamar returned to Georgia, obtained necessary funds, and hastened back to Texas, the land which in the time of her most desperate fortunes, he had resolved to adopt.


## Foreign Sketches.

### WILLIS'S LETTERS.
NUMBER TWO.

Departure from Liverpool—Speed on the English Railways—Price of the Trains—Effects of Steam—Manchester—Its Appearance—Manufacturing of England—Arrival in London—Regent street—Men—Women—Carriages—Pleasure—Beggars—Scenes—Nobility—Gentry—Brougham—Cabs—The pavement of the streets—Statistics between London and New York in this particular—Wonders pavements as well as wonderful—Arrival—Sir Robert Peel's equipage—The Chief of the Parisian Police—Lord Brougham—Interesting curious interview—An American Belle—Her admiration—Her style—The most celebrated nobility of the sex, etc., etc.

London, July 1.

My Dear Morris:—Having nothing to say in giving my little lounger her first English dinner, we waved our passage by half a morning, and were off from Liverpool at four precisely. The distance to London is 200 miles, and we did it in five hours—an acceleration of speed which is lately introduced upon the English railways. There are slower trains than this. There are also three or four different kinds of care to each train, and at different prices. I shared to-day's train for the next three years, as I do two places—my nurse and child constantly at once. I understand, since, that many gentlemen and ladies of the most respectable rank take the second class. In a new country, as I well, I am sorry to say, though there would be no objection to the first class.

The travelling at forty odd miles an hour is the greatest luxury time to know a tree from a cow, but here and there, in the distance view in crossing a valley, and recognized the lovely rural features of England. One first impression of which lasts one, like an undeafened memory, and which will be remembered to the great speed, the care can so evenly on their admiration of those qualities that were not to the mass. His zeal could not atone for his unsociability.

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adam pavement, and wherever you find it in common, you find it in as perfect order as the floor of a bowling-alley. I see that all heavy vehicles, (by the way) are compelled to have very broad wheels, and they rather improve the road than spoil it. A law to the same effect should be passed in New York, if it ever has a pavement worth preserving.

Observing Lady Blessington's faultless equipage standing at the door of the Cosmorama, I went in and saw her Ladyship for a moment. She said she was suffering from recent illness, but I thought her looking far better than when I was last in England. Her two beautiful nieces were with her, and Lord ——; and the celebrated Vidocq (for this was what they had come to see,) was showing the disguises he had worn in his wonderful detections of criminals, the weapons he had taken from them, and all the curiosities of his career—himself the greatest. I looked at the Prince of Policemen with no little interest of course, after reading his singular memoirs. He is a fat man, very like the outline of Louis Philippe's figure, and his head, enormously developed in the perceptive organs, goes up so small to the top, as to resemble the pear with which the King of the French is commonly caricatured. Vidocq's bow to me when I came in was the model of elegant and respectful suavity, but I could not repress a feeling of repugnance to him, nevertheless.

I made a couple of calls before I went home. The chief topic of conversation at both houses was the charms and eccentricities of an American belle who has lately married into a noble family. She seems to have enchanted the exclusives by treating them with the most undeferential freedom. A few evenings since, she chanced to be surrounded by a half dozen high bred admirers, and conversation going rather heavily, she proposed a cock-fight. Dividing the party into two sides, she tied the legs of the young men together, and set them to a game of fisticuffs—ending in a very fair representation of an action between belligerent roosters! One of her expressions was narrated with great glee. She chanced to have occasion to sneeze when sitting at dinner between two venerable noblemen. "La!" she exclaimed, "I hope I don't splash either of you!" I have mentioned only the drolleries of what I heard. Several instances of her readiness and wit were given, and as those who mentioned them were of the class she is shining in, their admiring tone gave a fair reflection of how she is looked upon—as the most celebrated belle and notability of high life for the present season.

Yours faithfully, N. P. W.

## NUMBER THREE.

*Taglioni in the Sylphide—Price of an opera ticket—Nice things about England—A useful neighbor—An exception to a general rule—Donizetti's opera of Roberto Devereux—First impressions of Rossi Caccia—Moriani—The Queen at the opera—Prince Albert—King of Belgium—Ladies of the Bedchamber—Maids of honor—The Royal Atmosphere—The Viennese dancers—The Queen's admiration of the little magicians—What it costs beauty to stay in the world—What I missed in Taglioni—Her last appearance upon the stage, &c., &c.*

LONDON, July 3.

MY DEAR MORRIS.—I was taking my slow-paced walk yesterday afternoon, on the sunny side of Regent street, thinking of little except the sore iron wires not yet physicked out of my brain, when, in a shop-window I chanced to spy a placard of the opera. In large letters I read "Taglioni in the Sylphide!" If you remember my description, in "Pencillings by the Way," of the *very first performance* of this ballet, (which I had the good fortune to witness ten or twelve years ago on my first arrival in Paris,) and my enthusiastic description of Taglioni, you will easily fancy how my blood was stirred with the chance of re-seeing the enchanting picture—the same ballet with the same matchless woman as the enchantress. It was five o'clock, P. M.—within an hour of my prescribed bed-time—and the opera commences at eight and lasts till twelve—but *I went*. Let me make a whole letter about the evening of which I thus "did" the Doctor.

I do not often gulp very hard at the price of a thing I want, but the charge of *eight dollars* (a guinea and a half) for *a seat to see one opera*—in the habit as I am editorially of paying nothing for the same commodity—certainly made me say "ahem!" The seat I got for this little price was in the middle of the first bench behind the orchestra, in the pit—that is to say in one of the "stalls" or elbow-seats into which the first four or five benches of the pit are divided. "The pit" so called, which is separated by a bar from these privileged seats, is so uncomfortable and crowded, that, in my weak condition, I could not venture it, especially with the risk of standing all the evening. So, away went the price of——many a good thing you can think of! If I had been charged for the moisture of the English climate because my hair curls tighter here than in America, I should not have felt more like scratching my head after the payment.

No one is admitted to the London opera except in full dress, but I took my cloak on my arm, fearful of the draught of cold air that comes over the warm pit when the curtain is lifted. The door-keeper stopped me. "You cannot wear your cloak in, *sir*!" said he.—"But I am a sick man, and require it."—"Against the rule, sir!"—"It is very hard that one who has a stall to himself and no one to incommode, should not be allowed to keep himself from taking cold!"—"Can't be done, sir!" So saying he took off my cloak, and charged me a shilling for taking care of it!—Some nice things about England!

I found myself seated between a lady in full dress, and a very fine, aristocratic-looking old man, whose seat was elegantly cushioned, and who evidently had it by the season. He turned out to be a useful neighbor, for over-hearing me asking a question of the musician before me which showed that it was my first appearance at the opera, he remarked to me that I was apparently a stranger, and seemed to take great pleasure in pointing out to me the notabilities of the stage at audience. I am glad to mention it as an exception to the usual English reserve.

The opera was the "Roberto Devereux" of Donizetti, and the *prima donna* (who played "Queen Elizabeth") was a novelty in London, Madame Rossi Caccia. It was her second appearance. My first impression of her was very unfavorable. She came forward in a solo in which she drew her voice so sharply fine that it pricked the ear uncomfortably; and, in the red hair and other unbecomingables of Queen Elizabeth, her looks, (which are half the music,) were also against her. As the plot deepened, however, she showed a passionateness of acting, which helped both voice and beauty, and I began to discover that she had a mouth like a crack in a rose leaf, big eyes full of darkness, and a voice that was mellow when she forgot the audience. She was immensely applauded; but I assure you I thought her very inferior to Pico, both as an actress and a singer.

Moriani, the famous tenor, has the person of a ship's boatswain, and a voice as exquisitely soft as an Eolian harp, and (with one's eyes shut,) he is a singer who gives one delicious enjoyment,—but I will not bother you with more about the opera.

As the curtain fell after the first act, the men in the stalls all rose to straighten themselves and take a stare over the house; and, for the first time, it occurred to me to inquire if the Queen were present. "You are looking straight at Her Majesty," said my neighbor; "she is talking to one of the ladies of her bedchamber, and Prince Albert is in the back of the box, talking to the King of Belgium." The box I was looking into, was directly at the end of the stage lights, and of course very near me. I had seen the Queen come in without recognizing her, though I had studied her face at Court when I was presented to William IV., some years ago, and of course see portraits of her every day. She looked far younger and prettier than any picture I know of her, and her manner to her Maids of Honor, and their evident ease, made it look precisely like a most agreeable private party. There was no mark to distinguish the box she occupied, and the fact is that I had insensibly looked more at the Queen than at any body else, thinking her a remarkably pretty girl, and feeling more curiosity to know who she was than who were in the other boxes! I trust the Royal atmosphere forgave my profane admiration!

At the close of the second act the Viennese dancers tripped upon the stage. These, as you know, are twenty or thirty children, apparently from five years old to ten, who dress and dance like full-grown dancing girls, and produce astonishing effects by their well-drilled combinations. They are curiosities, if it were only for the robust development of their little bodies. Seen through a magnifying glass, their short petticoats, etc., would hardly look decent; but, as children, the plumptitudes which they expose by every movement are humorously beautiful. They must have been drilled with wonderful patience to make such sudden and exact transitions. At one instant they pile up into a bower—the next they are revolving in a many spoked wheel—the next they are braiding themselves into a complex waltz. They seem to swallow each other and re-appear, multiply and diminish, swim and fly, with a one-mindedness, a grace, and an ease of countenance and motion that is wholly incomprehensible. And, withal, their little faces are as round and rosy as Cupid's in a picture, and they look so happy that it is contagious. I quite made my well-bred neighbors stare with my un-London-y laughter. Perhaps I should have been excused, however, [illegible] the Queen [illegible] with her head and her box, [illegible]

quet, and watched the little magicians with a continual smile throughout.

The curtain drew up, at last, for the "Sylphide," and Taglioni glided to the chair of her sleeping lover. I looked at her lady-like face, with the same feeling of admiration for its modest unconsciousness as before, but—alas! for what it costs beauty to stay in this wicked world! I would not record, if I were writing for a paper that would ever reach her eye, how much I missed from her shoulders, how much from her limbs, how much—but I will not dwell upon her losses. She was herself in all her swift motions—in all her more powerful efforts. It was in the slow poisings, in the pirouettes, in those parts of the dance which require more than the mere graceful bounds over the stage, that she showed where the lessened muscle had lessened her charm. The bill which I held in my hand declared that with the five nights of this engagement, she was to take final leave of the stage—and I was sorry she had waited till the world thought it was time! Queen Victoria left the opera before the curtain drew up for her to appear.

And now, having made rather a long letter, I'll go out for my short walk. Adieu for to-day. Yours faithfully, N. P. W.


# United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

## Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 2, 1845.


## NEW PREMIUMS.


To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of Sears' Magazine.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.


## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

A curious feature of our times is the perfect and complete adoption of the maxim of conduct that a man should be surprised at nothing. The most wonderful discoveries are announced, and their promulgation is received with an apathy of demeanor which would have done credit to the veriest stoic of ancient times, or anchorite of the middle ages. If a grand junction railway to the moon were prospectus-sed, nobody would take any notice of it, except such as had cash to invest—and if the thing were carried out and completed, the first passengers would take their seats with perfect business phlegm, venturing perhaps on the remark that they heard something about it in the newspapers sometime before.

This curious indifference arises from the habit into which the present century has thrown us, of taking miracles of scientific ingenuity as mere matters of course. While we are using steam in all its convenient and wonderful applications, we cease to regard them as extraordinary; nor do we give a thought to the fact that there are many ingenious brains daily consuming themselves in efforts to out-steam steam. This will most assuredly be done within the terms of the natural lives of some of us. Some motive agent will be discovered which will distance the now almost universal one, and cause our beautiful steamers and powerful locomotives to be looked back upon as cumbersome and awkward affairs at best.

The present generation is not fitted for the task—but the philosopher and historian of the twentieth century will have a most interesting theme for discussion, in the examination of the influences of these great discoveries and inventions upon the human mind, and the condition of the human race. The cause—or at any rate, the leading cause—of these manifestations of the superior intelligence of man, has been the peace which has existed among civilized and Christian nations, until at last the cause has changed places with the effect, and the arts which grew under the fostering influence of peace have become its guardian, and the guarantee for its continuance. We are not without faith that the day is not far distant when the resort to arms by a nation to adjust its disputes, will be looked upon in the same light in which we now regard violence and wrong in the individual.

What will posterity say of us? Do not think that you and I, reader, are the persons meant by us—for it is our private opinion that the posthumous experience of Mr. John Smith will be about identical with the fate of our names and fames. Mr. Smith, you will remember, if you ever read his story, was permitted to return to earth once a year, and be a miserable spectator of the manner in which his descendants treated his memory. He found his portraits in a garret in rather less than half a century, back outwards—and "other things in proportion." So shall we all fare—all except one in a million—or even less. Fame's trumpet would have got choked up long ago, if she had to blow the praises of more than that proportion of those who think themselves fairly entitled to a seat in the omnibus to futurity. Death is said to be a leveller. Time more than endorses all his business.

But, while we feel our nothingness at this reflection, our Christian education suggests to each individual the awfully sublime thought that, pigmies as we all are—grains of dust set in motion yesterday to be stilled to-day, and to-morrow forever forgotten upon earth—in spite of all this, there is no one of us who will ever forget himself, or cease to exist. Our thoughts and actions may seem of little consequence to the present, and of less to future generations—but they are of weighty moment to ourselves. Insignificant in your relative position to the universe—mighty in your achievement of your own destiny—pause and think of this!

—

After the surfeit of news last week, there is comparatively little for this day's paper. The intelligence from Texas is hardly news—we could have guessed the proceedings of the members of the convention without the papers. As they say at the West, "they couldn't do any thing else." Apropos, of Texas, our readers will find a very enthusiastic and beautifully written sketch of Lamar upon our first page. "Corinne" has made rather a foil of somebody else to show off her diamond; but Houston and O'Connell are alike in one particular. They have had as hard things said of them as any men living. With all his faults, and they have been sufficiently blazoned, Houston has been an efficient man for Texas.

The story by Mrs. Orne is in the prevailing fashion—well written—but gloomy. We have on hand others of a more cheerful look which we shall give the reader as fast as we find space. Some of our correspondents who may feel neglected, are hereby reminded that the correspondence of a newspaper is second only to that of the President of the United States—and that our "constitutional adviser"—to wit, all the items which make up an editor's brain and life—are entirely against his doing more for his correspondents and the public, than will come within the limit of possibility.

## THRIVING CITY.

The Scioto Gazette gives some statistics of one of our inland cities, which will be heard with some surprise by those who think there are no "big settlements" in Ohio. It states that there are no less than fifty Retail Dry Goods establishments in Chillicothe, three Wholesale Grocery establishments, three Iron do., three heavy Hardware stores, one Queensware, do., three Drug, do., four Foundries, five Stove and Hollow Ware, do., five Flouring Mills, three Pork packing houses, three Hat, and three Shoe and Boot establishments, three Confectionaries, six Clothing Stores, three Jewellery establishments, something over a baker's dozen of Public Houses, and an indefinite number of Retail Grocery establishments, to say nothing of Cabinet Warehouses, Carriage and Wagon Manufactories, Stone-cutting establishments, &c., &c., &c.

## TEXAS.

Intelligence from Austin, Texas, to July 7th, announces the ratification of the annexation project. It will be remembered that a convention to discuss this matter was called by President Jones, and approved by Congress. It assembled on the 4th of July, and after the unanimous election of Gen. Rusk, as President of the Convention, adopted an ordinance assenting in behalf of the people of Texas, to the terms proposed, by the U. S. Government. There were five members absent. Of those present there was only one dissenting voice, and when the instrument was engrossed, all signed it. The convention was still in session preparing a Constitution for the new State.

Among the other business of the Convention, was the unanimous adoption of a resolution that the members wear crape on the left arm one month, as a testimony of regret for the decease of General Jackson.

Resolutions were passed for the transmission of ordinance, &c., to the United States, and requesting the President of the United States, in behalf of the people of Texas, to send troops forthwith to our frontier. This resolution is a sanction, on the part of the people of Texas of the occupation of the frontier of Texas by U. S. Troops, a movement which was already in progress.

The envoy of Texas writes home from London that Lord Aberdeen has declared that his government will not interfere in the matter of annexation. Nobody supposed it would. If the annexation of Texas is unpalatable to England it can't be helped; but to set any objection formally would be too palpable a farce, in view of the progress of the Anglo-Indian empire, even if no other considerations were taken into the account. Of the condition of the country as regards defences, a letter to the Picayune says:

"We are entirely exposed to the attacks of Indians and Mexicans—not a soldier on guard, and but few fire-arms. So callous have the people of Texas become to danger, that they scarcely ever prepare to repel an attack. On my way here I met a young man, with two young girls, in a buggy, with no protection whatever from attack, almost at the very spot where young Hornsby had been killed two weeks previous by the Indians. They were in high glee, laughing and talking merrily;—I could but think that an hour might consign them to death, or a worse fate!"

The Washington Union gives the following account of the movements of troops, &c., in Texas:

"We understand that the Secretary of War of Texas is now upon the frontier, for the purpose of making a new treaty with the Indians. The frontier people do not apprehend an incursion from the Mexican troops. War from that quarter is there looked upon as a contingent upon the result of the Presidential election in that country. The U. States dragoons were *en route* on the 20th., commanded by Colonel Twiggs, and to pass through Austin to the territory beyond the Neuces. The infantry and artillery (General Taylor in command) were to leave New Orleans on the 21st ult., for Corpus Christi. The tidings of the march of the United States troops to the frontier of that country, were received by the Texans with delight. No positive information seems to have been recently received at Austin, of the position of the Mexican troops. Our charge was looking for accounts by an express from the frontier; but is believed that few or no American troops had crossed the Rio Grande. It was said that General Arista had not crossed the river with his force, and probably did not mean to make the attempt. A small corps of Texan rangers were operating in the country between Austin and the western frontier."

## ROMANCE.

The following story comes to us from the Western State Journal. It has all the elements of romance, except *one*—claiming to be true instead of fiction. Time may, however, give it this last essential. We are subject to so many hoaxes that it is difficult to believe any thing.

In 1824, there came to the United States, from Poland, a gentleman who was known by the name Rudolph, bringing with him an infant daughter and a nurse. He came as far as Albany, where the nurse died within a few weeks after her arrival in this country, and Mr. Rudolph placed his daughter (then about eight months old,) in charge of Daniel Megee, who who lived in Albany at that time, and was a merchant tailor by trade. About the year 1825, Mr. Rudolph died, after a lingering illness, and his daughter was adopted by the said Megee, who gave her the name of Eliza Megee. Megee died, it is believed, in 1826, when his family removed to Utica, where they resided until the death of Mrs. Megee, (which took place in 1829 or '30) when the adopted daughter removed to Salina, to a brother of Mrs. M's., by whom she was reared.

It is supposed from circumstances which have come to her knowledge, lately, that she has friends in this country and in the old country, who are ignorant of her existence. The suspicions of the lady were aroused by meeting a few weeks since a gentleman who was in search of her, and who called himself John Cleveland—but who stated that such was not his name. He stated that he knew of her family, and that the name by which she now passed was not her true one, but that her father was from Poland, and his real name was *Count Telisco Venusi Rudolph*—that his death was occasioned by poison administered by the said Megee, and that he, the said Cleveland, was privy to the murder; that his conscience would not let him rest until he had made her all the reparation in his power, by restoring to her all the property of her father which was in his possession: he having, at the time the deed was committed, compelled the said Megee to deliver it all to him upon pain of exposure—that as soon as he could do so without attracting notice, he would convey to her all she was entitled to. He was on his way to Albany at the time he called upon her, but his real name and residence he would not disclose.

The suspicions of the lady having thus been aroused, she searched some old papers in her possession, and in an old Bible—left her by Mrs. Megee, with the instruction never to part with it—she found a paper,—a part of a leaf of the same book, upon which was written, (apparently by a person in bodily ill-health,) what appears to have been an attempted confession which the writer was unable to finish. It is written with a pencil, and was sealed between the cover and the fly-leaf of the book, where it had remained for the last 18 or 19 years. As near as it can be deciphered, it reads:—

"Eliza was born in Poland, May 18, 1823, her name is Elizabeth Teresa, named after her mother, her father was Count T. Venusi Rudolph, and I dest—
Oh forgive, I can't write, D. MEGEE."

The wife of the said Rudolph died just before he came to this country, and according to information obtained from Mr. Cleveland, was an English lady of rank.

It is for the purpose of obtaining, if possible, some knowledge of the circumstances attending the arrival of the said Rudolph, and his death in this country, and of his connection with said Megee,—and also to find if any of her friends are in this country, that these circumstances are made public.

Editors of papers in Albany, New York, and in the old country, will confer a great favor upon one who knows not a relative in the wide world, by publishing this.

Direct to Elizabeth T. Rudolph, Syracuse, Onondaga County, New York.

## HUM.

There is a statement going the rounds that the Police of London are in such excellent condition, that the inhabitants of that city leave their doors and windows unfastened, without apprehension of being robbed. To believe this supposes a verdancy which we did not believe any body possessed of. It is not to be denied that the London Police is probably the best in the world—nor is it to be questioned that the London thieves are the most expert. They will steal any thing—from a penny whistle up, and if doors are left unfastened, it is only in places where there is nothing to steal. London halls or vestibules to houses are not usually made wardrobes of, as is too much the custom in our cities.

## BOSTON WATER WORKS.

In the capital of Yankeedom there would seem to be a decided majority of the citizens who are in favor of getting a copious supply of water from *somewhere*. But when the matter comes to discussion and adjustment, there is such a division of interests and variance of views in relation to the place whence it shall come, that the result is they decide to get water from *nowhere*. However, efforts are still making to effect in some way, an improvement which the convenience and health of the city render necessary. We notice that a deputation of Bostonians are about to examine the works of this city, and obtain information relative to the subject, for the benefit of the Trimountaine City.

## ELECTIONS.

The excitement relative to the next Presidential election will be much diminished by the circumstance that it will be held on the same day, simultaneously in every State of the Union. By that time, it is probable that Morse's Magnetic Telegraph will be erected to communicate with the capitals of every State, and the result of the election may be known at any point as soon as the returns are transmitted to the Capitols. Meanwhile we shall have a good bit of amusement for this Fall. A number of important State elections are to come off in the month of August, involving the choice of 47 Representatives, and (in Tennessee) one Senator in Congress. They are as follows:—North Carolina, Legislature and nine members of Congress; Tennessee, 7th, Governor, Legislature, and eleven members of Congress; Kentucky, 4th, Legislature, and ten members of Congress; Indiana, 4th, Legislature, and ten members of Congress; Alabama, 4th, Legislature, and seven members of Congress; Illinois, 4th, Legislature; Missouri, 4th, Legislature. These will complete the elections for the 29th Congress, in all the States except Maryland, (6) which votes in October, and Mississippi, (4) in November. The States of Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts have one member each to elect to supply vacancies in the delegations.

## GUNPOWDER.

The recent fire and explosion in New York, has awakened a discussion upon the explosive or non-explosive character of saltpetre, which bids fair to last for some time. The results which we gather from it are, that although burning saltpetre does not necessarily explode, still it may do so, under peculiar circumstances. Indeed, as we have already stated, the writer of this paragraph was once a witness to the fact of such an explosion.

One good effect has followed the discussion, if no more. The fact has been discovered and announced, that certain dealers in that city have been in the habit of concealing kegs of gunpowder in barrels and boxes of other articles, and shipping the dangerous commodity as "Merchandize," without designating its presence. The practice would seem to have been too common to excite any remark; but the immense mischief and loss of life and property which accompanied the late disaster have excited a spirit which we trust will not rest, short of the fullest examination; and the provision of precaution against the continuance of a custom so reprehensible and dangerous. We may add that there is evidence enough that this mode of dealing with powder is not peculiar to New York.

## MESMERISM.

We observe that there are many persons at the North and East of us—even in the land of steady habits—who will continue in the belief of the most rediculous absurdities of Mesmerism. After all, however, we cannot blame them. If clairvoyance can do any thing, it can certainly reveal the place of stolen goods, and hidden treasure. You must go the whole in it, or nothing. Accordingly we find a pamphlet published in Boston, purporting to tell all about Robert Kidd's treasures, buried in the Hudson—and the book sells too. It is excellent as removing several doubts—first, as to whether Kidd's vessel ever sunk there, and next, as to whether it had any treasure on board or not.

In Lynn, another development of the madness has broken out. Operations have commenced, to *blow up* "Pirate's Dungeon," a place said to have been the hiding place of a gang of pirates, the leader of whom, as tradition has it, was shut in, with his treasure, by an earthquake which closed the mouth of the cave. The science of Mesmerism has been brought to bear on the subject. Of course Mesmerism establishes as *fact* what has been *tradition*; and we are bound to take off our hat to the science for that much gain.

## INDIAN WARS.

The Crows and Sioux are hereditary enemies, implacable and persevering, and nothing but the extinction of one tribe or the other can put an end to their quarrels. Last year the Sioux made an incursion into the Crow country, but were met and defeated, losing thirty-five or forty warriors. This year they fitted out another expedition, but met with a worse foe than their Indian enemies. While on their war excursion they were attacked by small pox, which destroyed between seven and eight hundred lives. The Crows, having heard of the prevalence of the disease among the Sioux, retired in consternation towards the mountains. The Sioux, disappointed in meeting the Crows, fell upon the lodges of a peaceable prairie tribe, killing about seventy and taking eighty prisoners. This occurred on the 16th of May last. The St. Louis papers recommend that the Government establish a fort at the mouth of the Yellow Stone, to prevent these acts of hostility, and to protect trappers, several of whom have been killed recently.

## UNPLEASANT COMPANIONS.

The French penny-a-liners start altogether the most bizarre and ungenerous stories which appear in the papers. Take the following as a specimen:

"A gentleman recently took into the diligence between Marseilles and Toulon, a vessel of leeches, which were not well secured at the top. The creatures soon sallied forth in quest of blood. Suddenly piercing cries were heard from a young lady, who, unaware of the blood-thirsty passengers which had been placed in the carriage, declared that she was seized with acute pains as if punctured with lances. Though she continued her cries, delicacy prevented her from permitting any of the passengers to ascertain the cause of her uneasiness. A detachment of the leeches, however, had gone farther to fare worse, for they had fixed on the legs of a stout elderly gentleman, who, less fastidious than the fair one, at once uncovered and ascertained the cause. The diligence was stopped, and the young lady taken to the nearest house, where she was relieved from her unpleasant companions. Between fifteen and twenty of the vagrant leeches had fastened on her."

## THE BANGOR.

A new steamer for the Bangor Navigation Company, has been for a few days in the Delaware, and on Thursday started for Boston to commence her trips between that city and Maine. The Bangor is an iron boat, with Loper propellers, and, her speed, on a recent trial between Marcus Hook and Chester, was about ten minutes more than the average of the cutter Spencer. Her hull was constructed by Messrs. Betts, Harlan & Hollingsworth, of Wilmington, and her upper works by W. & A. Thatcher, of the same city, who furnished her model. She has two engines, each of sixty horse power, is of 212 tons burthen, and has berths for 100 passengers, which can be increased if necessary. She has attracted a good deal of attention, and a party of our citizens who made an excursion in her the other day, returned highly delighted with the boat and their trip.

## ROGUES AND THIEVES.

The papers are publishing a mass of figures purporting to be statistics relative to English rogues and thieves. Now we have no manner of doubt that there are abundance of such gentry among us, but, at the same time we are convinced that the writer of the statistics aforesaid draws on his imagination for some at least, of his facts. He estimates the regular pickpockets residing in New York and Philadelphia, at 82, and the property held by them, at $297,000. The average number of passages of each, between the cities is said to be ten, and 76 of them are graduates of Botany Bay, &c. &c. All this may be true—but he or they who may possess such "authentic" information of them would be much better employed in bringing the rascals to justice than in romancing about them in the newspapers.

## EXPANSION.

On Saturday week, it is said the rails on the Boston and Maine Railroad, near the North Andover depot, expanded so much by the intense heat as to throw them from their places, and it required so long time to replace them on the sleepers, that one of the trains was delayed in consequence. It requires expanded faith to hold this in. It will be only necessary, by and by, to build railroads in warm weather, and let them help the contractors by growing!

## LAZY CORRESPONDENTS.

There is a world of truth and feeling well expressed in the following paragraph:

"I do not think that life has a suspense more sickening than that of expecting a letter which does not come. The hour which brings the post is one that is anticipated, the only one from which we reckon. How long the time seems till it comes! How we hope and believe each day will be our last of anxious waiting! The post comes in and there is no letter for us. How bitter is the disappointment! and on every repetition it grows more acute. How immeasurably long the time seems till the post comes again! The mind exhausts itself in conjectures, illness, even death, grows terribly distinct to hope in its agony—hope that is fear! We dread we know not what; and every lengthened day the misery grows more insupportable. Every day the anxiety takes a darker shadow. To know even the very worst of all we have forboded, appear a relief."

## LIGHT.

The following Parisian story is light—light as a *cork*, as to weight of credibility. It is said that rumors of a very interesting and astonishing discovery begin to be circulated. It consists in furnishing the means of lighting, simultaneously, all the different highways which cross France in all directions, by means of simple iron wires connected with electro magnetic machines. The utility of this discovery is immense, as it will render the roads as well lighted and safe as the most frequented streets of the capital. Several experiments have already been made on the road from Paris to a small town on the Havre road, which were crowned with entire success. Gas light is said to be nothing in comparison to that given by the above process.

## THE WEST.

It is stated that the amount of money received at the Green Bay, Wisconsin, Land Office during the month ending June 30th, for private entries, was *fifteen thousand nine hundred and one dollars, forty-five cents!* And the amount received for the same purpose during the quarter just ended, is forty thousand dollars! Full nine-tenths is immediately occupied by eastern emigrants.

## CARVING.

Nothing puts a nervous man in more tribulation than to be called upon to carve. We have news to that class, "important, if true." The St. Louis Reveille says, a man at St. Etienne is said to have invented a five-bladed carving instrument, which, "being placed in a roasted fowl, and a spring being pressed, the blades will, in a second, separate the legs and wings, and divide the carcase!"

## VALUABLE MOUTHFUL.

Charlestown, Mass., must have some wealthy dairy maids in its vicinity. A few mornings since, as a gentleman in that town took a bit of butter on his knife, out slipped an American Eagle of the real "Simon Pure," lost no doubt by some industrious woman, and which the finder would wish to restore to its rightful owner.

## LIGHT COIN.

The Cincinnati Gazette says that a number of persons are engaged in sweating the new silver and gold coin of the country. It is stated that these worthies extract about ½ per cent. by the operation. On examining the coinage of 1840, it will be perceived at once that it is now as much reduced as that of 1824.

## NATURALIST'S LOSSES.

The valuable plates of Audubon's Ornithology were injured in the late fire at New York, but not destroyed, as has been reported. They can be restored at a trifling expense.

Another naturalist lost a collection of insects comprising ten thousand specimens—the result of many years collections.

## A WONDER.

Among the eccentric personages whom the newspapers are celebrating, the most remarkable would seem to be a certain young lady in Tennessee. She is as broad as she is long, carries a tame bear to church with her, occupies a whole pew alone, and fans herself with a pot-lid.

## THE STATE INTEREST.

Official notice is given by the Treasurer of the Commonwealth, that the August interest is ready, and payable at the Bank of Pennsylvania.

# Our Traveller.

## WAYSIDE SKETCHES
### Of the Old World.

### NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

JOURNEY FROM FRANKFORT TO CASSEL—CASSEL AND THE HESSIANS.

*Cassel, April 28, 1845.*

The day for leaving Frankfort came at last, and I bade adieu to the gloomy, antique, but still quaint and pleasant city. I felt like leaving a second home; so much had the memories of many delightful hours spent there, made me attached to it. Therefore, for these memories, not for thy quaint old streets, thy massive, devil-haunted bridge, and thy Cathedral, still breathing of the times of the crusaders, wilt thou, old city! live in my recollection. I toiled up the long hill on the road to Friedberg, and from the tower at the top, took a last look at the distant city, with a heart heavier than the knapsack whose unaccustomed weight rested uneasily upon my shoulders. And being alone—starting out into the wide world where no one knew or cared for me—I felt much deeper what it was to have friends in a strange land. But such is the wanderer's lot. I had broken stronger ties before, on leaving home, and this last parting, though painful, will bring me nearer to a re-union with the first.

The warm weather of the week before had brought out the foliage of the willows and other early trees, and violets and cowslips were springing up in the meadows. Keeping along by the side of the Taunus, I passed over great, broad hills, covered with unfenced fields, which were brown with the spring ploughing, and got by sunset to Friedberg, a tolerable sized city, built on the top of a hill, about sixteen miles from Frankfort. It has a magnificent church, which was built in the fourteenth century. It is now undergoing repairs, and is said to have one of the most powerful organs in Germany. The people told me of a bath there, made by the Romans, and extending very deep under the earth—now used by the Jewesses for bathing.

I left early the next morning, and after sketching the old castle at the north end, took a road across the meadows to Nanheim, to see the salt springs there. The castle is an immense building, covering several acres of ground, and apparently very old. A company of students were walking along the battlements singing in chorus as I passed below. The salt springs of Nanheim are fifteen in number, and the water, which is very warm, rushes up with such force as to leap several feet above the earth. The buildings made for its evaporation are nearly two miles in length, and a walk along the top gives a delightful view of the surrounding vallies. After I had reached the *chausee* again, I was hailed by a wandering journeyman, or handwerker, as they are called here, who wanted company. Now as I had concluded to accept all offers of this kind, we went along together very well. He was from Holstein, on the borders of Denmark, and was just returning home, after an absence of six years, having escaped from Switzerland after the late battle at Luzerne, which he had witnessed. He had his knapsack and tools fastened on a little carriage with two wheels, and drew it along after him quite conveniently. I could not help laughing at the adroit manner in which he begged his way along, through every village. He would ask me to go on and wait for him at the other end, and come along himself after a few minutes with a handfull of little copper money, which he said he had *fought*—the handwerker's term for *begged*. He said they received a present of three kreuzers at every city, from the masters of the trade, and got something to eat besides; so that in travelling they make money rather than lose it.

We kept on, over long ranges of hills, with an occasional view of the Vogelsgebirge, or Bird's Mountains, far to the east, for several hours, till at length I saw by the pointed summits that we were approaching Giessen, which lies on the Lahn, in the range of the Nassau hills. Finally two sharp peaks loomed up in front, each crowned with a picturesque fortress, and in the valley below, rose the spires of Giessen. Here I parted from my companion and kept on through the city without stopping, for except the University, which is of some repute, there is nothing to attract the traveller's attention. I would like to have seen Dr. Leibig, the world-renowned chemist, who is professor here; but it is now vacation time, when the faculty are generally absent, and at any rate, I did not feel disposed to intrude my curiosity upon his privacy.

Crossing a hill or two, after leaving Giessen, I came down into the valley of the Lahn, which flows through meadows of the brightest green, with red-roofed cottages, nestled in gardens and orchards, upon its banks. The women here wear a remarkable costume commonly a red jacket with white sleeves, and frocks reaching only to the knees. Of the latter they always carry all they possess, and from the enormous breadth, I should think some of them must wear at least twenty! I passed one village which was built on the summit of a high hill, surrounding it in a circle, and above, in a grove of pines, towered the remains of a large castle. With a magnificent background of sunset clouds, it made a picture a painter would have delighted to see.

I slept at a little village among the hills, and started again early for Marburg, along the Lahn. The meadows were of the purest emerald, through which the stream wound its way, with even borders, covered to the water's edge with grass; all so smooth and velvety that a fairy might have danced along it for miles, without stumbling over an uneven tuft. This valley is one of the finest districts of Germany, and as I approached Marburg, which on the summit of a high hill, is visible for a considerable distance, the slopes were crowded with orchards. I thought as I saw the peaceful inhabitants at work in their fields, that I had most probably, on the battle-field of Brandywine, walked over the bones of some of their ancestors, whom a despotic prince had torn from their happy homes, to die in a distant land, fighting against the cause of freedom.

Marburg is a singular old city. It is built around the end and on the side of a steep hill, the summit of which contains the large castle built by one of the old Electors, and now used as a prison. I climbed up the stone steps through dark, crooked streets, peeping into a fine church in passing, and came out on the ramparts, from whence there is a glorious view of the forest-hills around. I asked a soldier there if I could see the Rittersaal, or collection of ancient armor, in which the celebrated discussion between Luther and Zwingli was held; but he said the person who had the key lived below in the city, and to avoid going down and up again, I gave up the idea of going to see it. Jordan, of whom you have perhaps heard in America, was confined here a long time ago for his free principles, and was only a month ago set at liberty. The church of St. Elizabeth, built in 1257, is a splendid specimen of simple, massive Gothic architecture. Its windows of stained glass are very fine, and in the chancel is a carved silver coffin, containing the body of the saint. When I had passed through the city on the Cassel road, I had a remarkable view of the church. The hill and castle rose behind it at just such a distance as to make the two lofty spires reach above them; the building appears of an enormous size, and the mountain proportionably small.

After leaving Marburg, I entered directly into the heart of Hesse Cassel. The way was pleasanter than I expected. The country was like a collection of hills thrown about in confusion; sometimes a wide plain left between them, then again a cluster of wooded peaks, and here and there a single pointed one rising above all the rest. The vallies were green as ever, the hill-sides freshly ploughed, and the forests beginning to be colored with the tender foliage of the larch and birch. I would walk two or three hours at a time, and then when I could find a dry, shady bank, rest for half an hour, and finish some hastily sketched landscape, or lay at full length and look at the people going by. The observation which every traveller excites, soon ceases to be embarrassing. My first day out was quite disagreeable on that account, but I am already used to it, and can act as I please with a perfect unconsciousness of beholders.

During the day several showers came by, but as neither of them soaked through my blouse, I kept on and came about sunset to a little village in a valley. There were not many inns there; but I chose a small one which had an air of neatness about it, and on going in, the tidy landlady's "Be you welcome," as she brought me a pair of slippers, an uncommon thing in a German inn, made me feel quite at home. After being furnished with eggs, milk, butter and bread, for supper, which I ate while listening to an animated discourse between the village schoolmaster and some farmers, I was ushered into a clean, sanded bedroom, and soon forgot all fatigue. For this, with breakfast in the morning, the bill was 6¼ groschen—about sixteen cents! The air was freshened by the rain next morning, and I kept on over the hills at a rapid rate. Several fine ruins were on the road, but I did not stop to climb up to any, and by one o'clock had reached Wabern, a village where the Prince of Hessen has a large castle and garden. At the inn where I stopped for dinner the boy asked me if I was going to America? I told him no, I came from there. Then followed a great many silly questions, and before I had finished he ran out and told the people of the village. When I started again, all the children pointed at me and cried "see there! he is from America!" and the men took off their hats and bowed!

The sky was stormy, which made the wild hills around still more gloomy; though some of the distant ranges lay in mingled light and shade—the softest alternation of purple and brown. There were a great many isolated, rocky hills; which rose up precipitously from the plain; two of these in particular are remarkable, through the singularity of their form and the legends connected with them. One is said to have been the scene of a battle between the Romans and Germans, where, after a long conflict the rock opened and swallowed up the former. The other, which is crowned with a rocky wall, so like a ruined fortress as at a distance to be universally mistaken for one, tradition says is the death-place of Charlemagne, who still walks around its summit every night, clad in complete armor. On ascending a hill soon after, I saw at a great distance, the statue of Hercules, which stands on the Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel. But as the rain was coming up strong, I stopped about five miles short of Cassel, and asked for lodging. While they were getting tea ready, a company of students came in, and asked for a separate room. Seeing I was alone they invited me up with them. They were apparently much interested in America, and leaving the table gradually, formed a ring around me, where I had enough to do to talk with them. They said all meetings of the students were prohibited in Hessen, and that they were obliged to do it in secret. After a while the omnibus came along, and most of them went on with it to Cassel; but five stayed and persuaded me to go with them on foot. We set out about 8 o'clock, in the rain. They insisted on carrying my knapsack the whole way, and were all so intelligent and well-informed that the time passed away rapidly.

It is a pleasant thing to wake up in the morning in a strange city. Every thing is so new; and you walk around it for the first time in the full enjoyment of the novelty, or the not less agreeable feeling of surprise, if it is very different from your anticipations. Two of my friends of the previous night called for me next morning, to show me around the city, and the first impression thus made prepossessed me exceedingly in its favor. We went first to the Friedrich's Platz, the largest open square in Germany, with a range of magnificent buildings on one side, and an imitation of the Brandenburg Gate at the end. In the middle is a statue of Frederic the second, in marble, on a pedestal. Cassel was the residence of Jerome Buonaparte, during the existence of the kingdom of Westphalia, and at that time this statue was torn down and thrown into a stable, while that of Jerome was elevated in its stead. It has been restored again, but the former was perhaps the more appropriate place, because he was the prince who sold 10,000 of his subjects to England, and put the money into his own pocket. The family of Hessen has become by this means one of the richest in Europe, but the transaction is spoken of with indignation by all Germans; and the Hessians are ashamed of the stain it has attached to their name, though the arbitrary will of their ruler was the only cause of it. The present Prince reigns rather as regent, as his father is still living in Frankfort. He is said to be a weak, silly person, whose principal employment is to hunt amusement. He takes great pleasure in reading the list of strangers who visit Cassel, and his officers often annoy them with questions concerning their business, to gratify his curiosity. I was told he keeps a little army of wooden soldiers, with which he executes manoeuvres, and afterwards has them performed by his troops. There are a great number of soldiers at Hesse, of which one half are at Cassel. They are, however, very well trained and are said to be even better than the celebrated Prussians. I saw a review in the Friedrich's Platz, and the exactness and precision with which they went through their movements, was astonishing.

On the north side of the Square is the Museum. The second story is a single hall of enormous size, containing the library of 90,000 volumes, particularly valuable from its collection of old manuscripts. There are a great many other handsome buildings in the city, but none particularly remarkable, except the church, which has been recently restored in beautiful Gothic style, and inside, is very rich and chaste. It has a very large and elaborate monument to one of the old Hessian princes.

J. B. T.

# Local Intelligence.

## SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The immense increase of this order in the city of Philadelphia and State of Pennsylvania, is hardly realized by the public. On the 26th of April, 1844, on the organization of the Grand Division of this State, there were four subordinate divisions, and 270 members. Now the number of subordinate divisions is 67, and of members over 6,000. Such a progress is truly gratifying, and will confirm a good work. We notice that Hon. R. T. Conrad has been elected Patriarch of a new division just formed. The cause is receiving the countenance of some of the ablest men among us.

## FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

This is one of the oldest and most efficient institutions for the improvement of the Mechanic Arts in the country. Its library, lectures, and other means for the dissemination of scientific information, are constantly doing good; and each annual exhibition give the objects it pursues an impetus which hardly flags, before the time comes round again for another exhibition and fair. The next exhibition will commence at the Philadelphia Museum, on the 22d of October, and continue two weeks.

## HORTICULTURAL.

As we like to keep the efforts of Societies for Agricultural Improvement before the public, we again remind competitors and others interested, that the annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, will commence in the grand saloon of the Museum, corner of Ninth and George streets, on the 23d of September, and continue for four days. It is expected that the flowers, fruits, and vegetables will equal any former display.

## PHILADELPHIA.

It is truly cheering to notice how busily the progress of improvement is going forward in our city and county. Turn which way we may, we notice the work of building and renovation. Our mechanics are enjoying the comfort of full employment; and industry and happiness smile on every hand. They are always companions.

☞ The Board of Comptrollers of Public Schools have received, as a donation from Messrs. Grant & Stone, merchants of this city, six shares of the stock of the Mercantile Library Company, for the use of the officers, teachers, &c., of the public schools. The Board held a meeting, and passed a resolution expressive of its thanks.

# New York City.

☞ The New York Evening Post says that the promenaders of Broadway were not a little terrified a few days since at witnessing the descent of a large number of limbs and bodies from the upper story of the Howard House, at the corner of Howard street and Broadway. A vast crowd soon collected around these remains, but the alarm which had been created soon subsided, when it was discovered that they were portions of automata which had probably once been used for wax figures; but how so many should have been in the upper story of the Howard House, is another of the New York mysteries. The scattered fragments of humanity's presentment were carefully packed upon a cart, and may probably be returned to their original glory. The scene during the descent was ludicrous in the extreme.

☞ The Comptroller of New York city has made his annual report. The expenditures for the year 1844 were $1,449,591 32. The estimate of expenditures for the year 1845, and upon which the taxes of the year are to be levied, was $1,371,677 26, being $77,914 06 less than the expenditures of 1844, and $158,875 98 less than the ascertained expenditure under the late Common Council, between May, 14, 1844, and May 13, 1845. The expenditures between the 1st day of January and the 13th day of May, 1844, amounted to $576,823 24. The expenditures of the corresponding period of the present year amounted to $669,140 94, exceeding those of last year in the sum of $92,317 70. Should the expenditures, during the remainder of the year, equal in amount those of the corresponding period of the last year, the expenditures of the year would exceed its receipts in the sum of $170,231 76.

☞ The change in the weather has produced, we are happy to say, a corresponding improvement in the health of New York. The deaths last week were less than the previous one by 174, the number up to 5 o'clock on Saturday being 277, being only a few above the usual average,—among these were 14 still-born children, so that the actual number of deaths was only 263. There were, however, says the Tribune, a few returns afterwards, which made the whole number about 300—being 174 less than the preceding week, when the number was 474.

☞ The New York journals are cautioning the public against mixtures of damaged coffee, by the late fire, with the genuine kind. Such a precaution seems necessary, as large quantities of damaged coffee, in bags and casks, have been sold throughout the city to retailers. It was a good while before the stock supplied by the great fire of 1835 was expended.

☞ The New York News states that during the first six months of the year 1843, the number of quarts of milk brought to that city over the Erie Railroad, was 1,446,366. During the same period, in 1844, 2,399,682, and in 1845, 2,842,610. It is now equal to about 15,608 quarts per day.

☞ It is said that the Manhattan Fire Insurance Company, which has now lost its capital, has, since its resuscitation, paid back to the stockholders in the shape of dividends, the whole amount of its capital, with seven per cent. interest.

☞ A package of bank notes, checks, &c., amounting to between $7,000 and $8,000, only $2,000 available funds, was stolen from the Teller's desk at the National Bank, in New York, day or two ago.

## THE BURNT DISTRICT.

The work of clearing away and re-building the burnt district in New York is proceeding with great rapidity. Already there are buildings carried high enough for the roof. The number of dead bodies found does not justify the fears which were at first entertained. Less than twelve have been discovered, where it was feared more than fifty were killed.

# POSTSCRIPT.

## Foreign Intelligence.

### ARRIVAL OF THE CAMBRIA.

FIFTEEN DAYS LATER.

By the arrival of the steamer Cambria at Boston, we have dates to the 19th ult. Her passage was the shortest on record, being made in eleven days and nine hours, including stoppage at Halifax.

Some riots occurred in Ireland on the 12th of July, resulting in the loss of one life at Armagh. The Orange processions were attacked, and the conduct of the aggressors was, as Mr. O'Connell declares, "such as to disentitle them to any sympathy or support from the repealers."

The demand for cotton is large, for the legitimate purposes of trade. Spinners keep themselves supplied. American has advanced one eighth.

Provision market stagnant.

Manufactured iron is diminished in prices 20 per cent. The nominal price of bar iron is £20 at the works.

Money is plentiful, and the rate of discount low.

In France the great topic of general interest during the last fortnight has been the question relative to the Jesuits. After the famous appeal of Thiers to the government to put the laws in force against the followers of Loyola, M. Rossi was sent to Rome with the mission of persuading the Pope to recall the Jesuits from France, and thereby save the government the pain and scandal of being compelled to expel them by the strong hand. In this mission M. Rossi has completely succeeded—the religious communities of the Jesuits being ordered to be broken up, the greater part of the body to quit the kingdom, their noviciates to be sold, and their houses and property (they are very rich) to be disposed of.

A most abominable outrage on humanity and civilization has been committed by the French army in Algiers. Having, on the 18th of June, surrounded some caverns in which certain Arab fanatics had taken refuge, the French commander tried to induce them to surrender by threats and promises. But the Arabs fired upon the French messenger and refused to submit.

This state of things continued till the night of the 9th, when, losing all patience, and no longer having a hope of otherwise subduing these fanatics, who forced a perpetual nucleus of revolt in the country, the fire of wood was renewed and rendered intense. During the time the cries of the unhappy wretches were dreadful, and then nothing was heard but the crackling of the fagots. This silence spoke volumes. The troops entered and found 500 dead bodies. About 150, who still breathed, were brought into the fresh air, but a portion of them died afterward.

# General News.

MAIL ROBBERY.—A correspondent of the Memphis Enquirer says:—"As the Florence stage left Bolivar on Thursday night week it was robbed of some trunks about ten miles East of Bolivar. The robbers were pursued into this county. Mr. James M. Saunders and three other gentlemen, attempting to take them on Friday night, the robbers fired on the company, and badly wounded Mr. Saunders, the ball having entered his left breast, passing under three ribs, and coming out near the spine. A shot gun and pistol were fired at the robbers, but in consequence of the darkness of the night they made their escape. There are a number of persons in pursuit of them, and they will be taken beyond doubt, as it is thought one of them is very badly wounded."

☞ A great excitement has been created in Avon, a small town near Hartford, Conn., in consequence of the murder of Mrs. Orra Woodford, by her husband, on Tuesday night, the 22d ult. The unnatural wretch split her head in two with an axe, and then cut open her body with a knife. No cause is known for this horrible deed. Woodford was insane, and up to this time had borne a good character. He has been arrested and committed to jail.

☞ The Bishop of Oregon Territory, was consecrated in the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Montreal Canada, on the 25th ult. He is the Right Rev. Norbert Blanchet, and has been connected with the Catholic Mission in Oregon, since 1837. The Right Rev. [illegible] Charles Prince, was consecrated coadjutor Bishop of Montreal, at the same time.

☞ George Smith, a lad of eighteen, residing at Bethnal Green, says an English paper, trying experiments in hanging, actually killed himself. The youth was an acquaintance of Topping's, (a culprit recently executed) saw him hung, and had since been very curious to ascertain what hanging was like. This was literally dying of curiosity.

☞ The project of a continuous Railroad from the head of navigation on the Cumberland river, to the Atlantic, is again commanding much attention in Tennessee and Georgia with a fair prospect of its completion in a few years, opening a highly advantageous communication for the West with our Southern seaboard.

☞ There is quite a curiosity at the residence of Mr. Charles N. Wright, near Columbia, Pa., says the Spy, in the way of an apple tree, on which are apples as large as a man's fist, and a number of blossoms! The blossoms have been coming out, from time to time, since early in the Spring.

☞ The Richmond Whig says that the drought in that section of Virginia is very severely felt. No rain has fallen for a fortnight. The corn is suffering, the gardens are burnt up and the pastures almost dry stubble.

☞ It has been found necessary to hold a public meeting in Newark, N. J., to consider the alarming increase of intemperance in the city, and to devise some means of checking the rapidly spreading evil.

☞ A correspondent of the London Mining Journal asserts that he has recently written on paper made of iron, and seen a book, the leaves and binding of which, were of the same material.

☞ The Ohio Penitentiary contains about 464 convicts, whose nett earnings to the State above expenditures, are $18,343. There are but seven female convicts among the whole number.

☞ Three pickerel—weighing in all thirty eight pounds—were caught by a Mr. Spalding last week, in the Connecticut, near North Sunderland. A great haul, certainly.

☞ The Postmaster General has established a new post-office at Beaverville, Upper Leacock Township, in Lancaster county, and appointed Reuben Weidler, Esq., Postmaster.

☞ A telegraph line is now under arrangement between Albany, Troy and Montreal, in which matter some citizens of Albany are associated with others of Troy.

☞ George W. Barton was convicted at the last term of the Milwaukie, U. S. District Court, of robbing the mail, and sentenced to ten years imprisonment.

☞ On the 16th ult., the corner stone of the new Bowdoin Chapel, now in course of erection, was laid at Brunswick, Maine, with all due ceremonies.

☞ Another race is to come off between Fashion and Peytona in October next. Both are recruiting for the final contest.

# United States SATURDAY POST.

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Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our agent for Ohio, Indiana Michigan, Illinois, Kentucky and Wisconsin, assisted by Messrs. *Moses Dresser, E. Smith, O. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Jones and W. C. Jennings.*

JOHN MEMMO, Canada, East and West.

JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON, are our agents in Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Georgia.

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*Wm. B. Hearey, and John Chilton.*

THOMAS PETERS is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penn.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wallbaum.

## Notices of New Works.

A DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—*By Alexander Reid, A. M. Rector of the Circus Place School, Edinburgh; with an Introduction by Henry Reed, Professor of English Literature to the University of Pennsylvania. New York: E. H. Butler & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.* When a new Dictionary is offered, the natural inquiry is, What are its characteristics? We have in this, first a compact and convenient form, for the benefit of those who are constantly consulting this compendium, it contains forty thousand words. The primitive word is first given, with its original term, and the language from which it is taken; and after each follow the words derived from the original. The volume contains the words in the Anglo-Saxon, English words, and an accented list of Greek, Latin, and English words. Of the character of the work Professor Reed says:—"It appears to have been compiled upon sound principles, and executed with considerable care. It has the merit, too, of combining much more than is generally looked for in the dictionaries of small size, and will, I believe, be found excellent, as a convenient manual for general reference, and for the ordinary purposes of education." It has the endorsement of competent judges, who have examined it, and can but receive the seal of the public approval, which will be the fate of books that are more than equal to their promises.

THE WAVERLY NOVELS. *Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* We think the claims of this publication may be reached in the edition of the Waverly Novels now issuing—the whole in two volumes for two dollars and fifty cents! The same work cost in England a hundred dollars, and was rather cheaply cheap in the country a quarter of that sum.

HARPERS' ISSUE. The Pictorial Bible of the Messrs. Harper has now reached the one-hundredth number, and we understand will be completed in about two months. The work has proceeded with the full pace of the Book of Amos. It may be had in this city of *T. B. Peterson, Lindsay & Blakiston, and Grigg & Co.*

THE LADY'S BOOK. *August.* The number is embellished with two engraved ago and a fashion plate, and contains articles from the pens of Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Gove, and other well known contributors. It is altogether a pleasant and very readable number; with the proper variety of interest and amusement.

NEW COMEDY. We hear that Hon. R. T. Conrad, of this city, is engaged upon a new comedy. We have not heard whether the author intends it for any particular person—but trust he. In justice to himself he should write several characters expressly for particular persons whom he met.

CHILDE HAROLD.—*Philadelphia: Grigg & Elliot.* The is a tale the scene of which is laid in the sixteenth century. It is a religious novel, in which historical personages are artfully introduced. We do not like the style, seeing it will be a favorite with a large circle of readers.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD. No. 4 of Prof. Frost's Pictorial History of the World, has come to hand since our high claims to notice for the delicacy of its embellishments. It is one of the most beautiful serials now in course of publication.

BLACKWOOD, for *July*, has been received by *Zieber & Co.* It contains several papers, but none specially worthy of notice. The Opium Eater, and North's Specimens of the British Critics, are among the leading articles of interest.

LOUIS DE ALMANZ' *Philadelphia: Carey & Co.* This is a Tale by the author of "Tales of the Woods and Fields" a graceful and deservedly popular writer. It is issued in a single cent—and cheap enough.

CHEAP MUSIC. *Hewitt & Co.* are publishing music in a style of unusual cheapness. Among the last issues are some three songs from Fra's Opera, and No. 1 of Meese's Melodist.

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE. *Hewitt & Co.* have sent us the August number of Arthur's Magazine. It has two engravings, and a good amount of agreeable and readable matter.

SHETCH WORLD VOLUME continues from week to week to command public attention by its spirited sketches. The choice is made with exceedingly good judgment.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY. The eighth number of *Harper & Brothers' Encyclopedia of Domestic Economy* has been received by *Lindsay & Blakiston, and by Zieber & Co.*

PENNY MAGAZINE. No. 7 of Redfield's Republication of the Penny Magazine, has been received by *Zieber & Co.*

## Personal News.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, D. C.—The annual commencement of this institution of learning was held on Thursday week. Among the distinguished citizens present were the President and several of the members of the Government. The degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. John McCaffrey. President of Mt. St. Mary's, Emmitsburg. The degree of LL. D. was conferred on Baron Auguste Gabriel Vander Stratan Ponthoz, and Dr. Wm. E. A. Aikin, Md. The degree of M. A. was conferred on Mr. Hunter F. Maury, U. S. N.; Mr. Thomas I. Semmes, D. C., and Mr. Francis H. Dyckers, N. Y. The degree of B. A. was conferred on the following students: John W. Archer, Va.; John E. Wilson, Md.; Nicholas S. Knighton, Md.; Peter G. Hewlin, D. C.; Samuel Ingleheart, Md.; and Waldemar De Bodisco, Russia. Young Bodisco is a nephew of the Russian Minister, Baron Ponthoz of the Prussian Ministry. The gladiating class consisted of but five students.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.—Amos S. Mathews, *to be deputy postmaster at Auburn, N. Y.*, in the place of W. C. Bradbury, removed.

Henry Wyckoff, *to be postmaster at Syracuse, New York*, in the place of H. Rapper, removed.

Robert Gamble, *to be postmaster at Erie, Pennsylvania*, in the place of *Andrew Scott*, removed.

Wm. Wilkins, *to be Minister to Russia*, vice Dallas, for the latter gives his resignation, to take place on the 1st of January next.

Henry Hubbard, *to be Chargé d'Affaires to Portugal*, vice Brent, resigned.

Samuel D. Ingham, *to be Collector, ex officio*, a Surveyor of Customs, in the city and kingdom of Texas, in the place of John H. Reagan, resigned.

Nicholas Brown, of New York, *to be consul for the city of Rome, in the State of Italy*, vice Dorsey, recalled.

David C. Bouvier, *deputy postmaster at Chicago, Illinois*, vice Wm. Stuart, whose commission has expired.

Joseph Shaffer, *to be postmaster at Carlisle, Pa.*, in the place of Daniel Miller, removed.

☞ A communication in the New Hampshire Patriot, states that there was recently a meeting of the citizens of Lisbon, N. H., of seven brothers of the name of Wood, whose united ages were a little more than 413 years, the average being 644 years. They had never all been together before, even in childhood; and now met for the last as well as the *first* time.

☞ It must be viewed as a curious circumstance, that the British Government at this moment are employing two natives of the United States, in connection with the Mission recently issued by the Colonials, of importance to be known. One is Dr. Peter Parker, and the other Mr. Bridgeman, both sent out by the American Foreign Missionary Society.

☞ We are pained to announce that Professor Magennis, an old inhabitant of Philadelphia, and a well known teacher of elocution, died on Wednesday week. He was an amiable and estimable man, with a mind stored with useful knowledge.

☞ The citizens of Lancaster District, South Carolina, propose to erect a suitable monument at Buford's battle ground, in that district, to the memory of those gallant men, who, under the command Col. Buford, of Virginia, left their homes and families for the purpose of aiding and assisting in the revolutionary struggle for independence.

☞ The second child born in Cincinnati still lives, and has not seen the middle age of life, while the population numbers 90,000 inhabitants! The Old Pioneer who first settled where Cincinnati now stands, when Ohio was a wilderness, "was then young and strong, and a throng of two millions of souls."

☞ The Delaware Journal announces that the Hon. Jonathan Roberts, of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Joseph R. Mosier, of Maryland, will deliver addresses before the Agricultural Society of New Castle county, at the annual exhibition in September next.

☞ Two citizens of Milledgeville, Ga., Mr. J. D. Alleman and Mr. John Haas, were severely injured on Wednesday of last week, by a premature discharge of a cannon, which was being fired in honor of Gen. Jackson's memory.

☞ The Hon. John Pope died at his residence in Washington county, Kentucky, on Saturday evening of last week. His death was very sudden—being caused by a stroke of paralysis.

☞ Mr. Astor, it is said, lost one hundred thousand dollars by the fire—about one sixth of his annual income. Poor fellow! For two months his pittance must be stopped.

☞ The editor of a Rockaye paper has been threatened with a flogging. He very quietly intimates that he may be found up stairs, and that it is "but forty feet to the bottom."

☞ David Kennison, one of the two old remaining pensioners of the war, has recently applied a visit to Racine, Wisconsin, week before last. He is said to be 96 years of age.

☞ John L. Dawson has been appointed Attorney for the United States, for the Western District of Pennsylvania, in the place of Wm. Lawrence, deceased.

☞ Mrs. Flora Tucker, wife of Lieut. Tucker, United States Dragoons, died at Fort Gibson, June 27. She was a niece of John Ross, of the Cherokee nation.

☞ James Lenox, Esq., has given $1,000 to the Widow and Orphan Fund of the Fire Department of New York, as a token of admiration of their conduct.

☞ Hon. Samuel Appleton, of Boston, has made another donation of $1,000 to the Boston Female Asylum—making three thousand dollars in all.

☞ The citizens of Charleston, S. C., have presented a set of silver plate to Wm. Ogilby, Esq., the British Consul at that port, as a testimonial of respect.

☞ It is stated that the Post Master General has removed Mr. Hyde from the appointment of Post Master at Galveston, Texas.

☞ The Detroit Advertiser says that Professor Whiting, of the University of Michigan, died at Ann Arbor, a few weeks since.

☞ The President of the United States has recognized Wilhelm Vogel as Consul for Prussia for the port of New Orleans.

## FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

### FOREIGN GOSSIP.

*Visit of the King of Holland—Victoria's Jealousy—Review of Fleet—American Actors—Mr. Everett's Speech in Preston—Difficulty in Gambling in Paris—The Veteran Braham—Recent Deaths—New Bright Priest of the Jews—Railway Speculations—Wealth and Bubbles—Man with Wings—Miscellany.*

*Bristol, England, July 3, 1845.*

His Majesty, the King of Holland, is expected here next week. He has been visiting, and intends to reside in his own suite of apartments, to be prepared for him at Mivart's Hotel, and one of the most splendid suite of apartments of the kind in London. As for our youthful Queen, she declines, (so it is understood) visiting Paris while the country is in a little bit of tea-table scandal, which says that the real cause of absenting herself from Paris is—a determination not to expose Albert to the dangerous charms and fascinations of the ladies of the French Court. Latterly, the Queen has conducted herself with extreme discretion—and on a recent occasion, he was presented with an elegant diamond breast-pin, by Prince Albert, which he said his Secretary—Mr. Anson, of the Royal box. Miss Cushman is at the Princess's, Forrest is gone North: Bryant, the American Poet, and Everett, the American Minister, has recently distinguished himself by an eloquent and appropriate speech before the British Association for Advancement of Science, at the University of Cambridge. So you will readily perceive that your correspondent is not idle, from a dust in the island.” Mr. Everett is a great favorite here, even among the most distinguished circles.

I regret to observe that the Prince de Berges has been committed to prison in Paris, on a charge of forging checks on Baring's, for gambling house. Only think—a Prince to be tried for forgery! The untoward circumstance has created a sensation, as you may well imagine, a great sensation in the upper circles of the French metropolis—especially when it is remembered that he is in France, as Ex Minister, and that he makes no distinction between a prince and a banker's clerk, in their treatment. The Duke of Brogle, is carried on privately, as well as publicly, but in such a manner as to evade the law, to a considerable extent. The police are so wrought to corrupt the purest who ventures into the charmed circle of temptation, avarice, love, ruin, elopement, and sometimes suicide! Speculators there, frequently win and lose from 10,000 to 20,000 francs in a night. Gambling is, in fact, a rage, in Paris, which more or less pervades all ranks.

The veteran Braham is still singing, and to considerable audiences. He made his first appearance on the 12th of July, 1787, at the Royal Theatre, Goodman's Fields, London. At that time, Lona XVI., Lord North, Pitt, Franklin, Burke, Washington, Tom Paine, Lord Cornwallis, Rorne, Cowper, Mrs. Siddons, George III., and the Prince of Wales, were among the leading actors on the world's stage. Napoleon, Nelson, Byron and Scott, were then celebrities. They are all—all consigned to the silent tomb. Braham remains—the man of a by-gone age. Yet, in the course of nature, the voice which has charmed millions of delighted listeners must soon be silenced in the sleep of death. Braham will soon be numbered with the dead!

"The quickest meeting soonest part,
Built on the uncertain call the fleeting breath"

Gay Hamet's voice awoke the silent dead—
Or Flattery sooth the dull, cold ear of death!"

Within the last few days, this same felt declaimer matched that eminent lawyer and Attorney General, Sir William Follett, from the lusty scene. Also Mr. Somes, of London, said to be the most wealthy merchant or shipowner in the world. He began life as a poor boy, and died, at an advanced age, worth two millions of pounds sterling.

The Jews of England are making great preparations to receive and instal their newly elected High Priest, in the Rev. Dr. N. Adler, High Priest of Hanover. The ceremony is to take place in the great Synagogue, Duke's Place, London—and wardens or deputies from all the principal congregations in England and on the Continent, are expected to be present. The canopy under under which the High Priest is to walk to the altar, will be hung with jewels worth at least £15,000.

Some folks are lucky in those ticklish things, railway speculations. Mr. Hudson, of York, recently bought 5,000 shares of the Newcastle and Berwick Railway, on which he only paid 30 shillings each—£12 000. They now sell, and quid nunc, at £19 15s. each—so that he may realize a profit of £136,000 on that single transaction! Some are made rich by a turn of Fortune's wheel, and others become poor—as yesterday—thus, a very poor woman, named Caroline Boothby, living in an obscure alley in the Seven Dials, London, has just been declared by law, heiress to a fortune of £30,000, with immediate possession. Talking of wealth, there are now extant, in the Bank of England alone, in specie, in the vaults of the Bank of England: and no admirable has been the working of the branch system of Joint Stock Banks, that in all of them are from 50 to 80 per cent. above par. But depend upon it, that in the railways, a much more vast some ere long. Many of them are too much like the South Sea Bubble of more than a hundred years ago in England, or Law's Mississippi Scheme of the same period in France.

One John Roberts, of Colwyn, North Wales, has made unto himself wings, and actually flown, on several occasions, more than a hundred yards. At Mansfield, Mr. Richard Fowler, who had taken lunkdenin, and was evidently dead; has been restored by shocks of electricity. At Malvern, Mr. Richard Wilkins died on Monday week, from the effect of drinking cider, which had been conducted through a leaden pipe. Therefore, be cautious. At Preston, a number of Irish reapers, are reported to have belonged to the ancient Romans, and a quantity of coins bearing date A. D. 10, 100 and 1000, were dug up last week—going to the joy of antiquarians. I lament to notice several murders in Ireland, indeed the general state of the country assigns much anxiety. In England sixteen persons were executed for murder during the last half year—an unnecessary number. Mr. Smith, Proprietor of the Shooting Gallery, who was shot in July last, by the Hon. Mr. Townley, (acquitted on the ground of insanity,) died last week of his wounds. Two servants named Daniel Johnson and Hannah Brown, were discharged from their situations at the Bell and Crown Hotel, last week. The event so operated upon their minds, that both took poison. Hence died, and Johnson was saved with difficulty. But my chit-chat begins to assume a melancholy tinge. It is time, therefore, to lay down the pen.

## Fires.

SERIOUS CONFLAGRATION.—A fire took place in a field near Lake Champlain, a few days since, which swept over the country for miles, destroying down a dwelling, a barn with mills, 17,000 pieces of lumber, 3,000 logs, belonging to Messrs. Barnes & Travis; a saw mill, containing logs, 6,000 pieces of lumber, 200 logs belonging to Hon. N. S. Sterrs; two mills, dwelling, and barn, of John Ensign; five other mills in west Morrisah and Scroon, and much other property. Total loss estimated at $300,000. The fire extended eight miles, and took like the wind. No lives were lost, although there were many narrow escapes.

☞ On Friday evening, 11th ult., about 12 o'clock, a fire was discovered in the mills, extensive barns belonging to Elisha Warner, in Rutland, Vt., which, with his house were entirely consumed, together with nearly saved. The store adjoining, belonging to James Porter, was also consumed, together with a portion of his goods. There was a store situated south of the tavern house is burned—not insured. There were two dwelling houses destroyed, supposed not insured.

☞ On Monday morning week, about 4 o'clock, flames were seen issuing from the dwelling house of Mr. McKelvy, Sixth Ward, above 9th street. The flames had made considerable progress before the arrival of the engines.—Fears were also entertained for the safety of the factories

## Selected Poetry.

FROM THE HOWDAH CHARGER.

### CHILDREN.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Unto me there are no blessings,
Which high Heaven indulgent lends,
Denied to those to do all things
Of any little friends.

When they check me with sweet counsel,
Both in mother-language olde,
Or with their pretty broken English
Make my spirit glad.

Pure, confiding, free from cunning,
Free from even a shade of sin,
They, like the angels in their sphere,
Neither fall or spin.

Wicked tongues have not contended them,
Or the serpent, thunder, stung;
Or the demon, Envy, rended them,
Their green leaves among.

Parasites and false companions
Have not stole their guileless trust,
And their tenderest flowers and fairest
Trampled in the dust.

Dark suspicions, envy, scandal,
Friends to ruin and lean on thee,
Never subbed the innocent enjoyment
By their lamentable end.

Mother-love has fabled round them
Arms more soft than angels' wings,
And with sweeter accents lulled to sleep
Than an angel sings.

Father-love defending, fostering,
Leading, strengthening, cheering, thrown
Around them a magic circle
Or in deep repose.

Gentle darlings, spotless pearls,
Of my heart, strung a fleeting day,
Have I, neither tried or wary,
Joined their merry play!

I, a lonely man, am friendless,
Without some young children be,
Though my love for them be endless,
Large is theirs for me.

## Revolutionary Tales

FROM PETERSON'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

### THE YOUNG REBEL.

A Tale of the Carolinas.

BY J. MILTON SANDERS.

In a small farm-house, toward the close of the year 1780, sat an old man, his wife and only son. The face of the father appeared haggard as times he looked thoughtfully on the floor, and then he would gaze long and earnestly at his son, a fine, manly youth of twenty. At length he said,

"David, this is disastrous news from Camden. God knows what will become of the country now! Congress needs reorganizing that is capable—ah! me, I wish the old world I got in the French war had not been destroyed, for all, I should be now standing my musket, and marching to defend my country."

But the son and wife looked up at these words. The old lady ceased knitting and gazed sorrowfully at her boy, and it was evident, from the expression of her face, the patriotism and motherly affection were at variance in her bosom. The son, however, after contemplating his father's eye for a moment, turned confusedly away. The old man's brow darkened, and he said warmly,

"David, why do you no longer about the village when your country needs your services so much? Why, sir, I am ashamed of you. Twice before this have I spoken to you upon this subject, but you appear to have an spirit! What! will you see an tramplied upon by the brutal mercenaries of Britain, and still lie here supinely? For shame, David—for shame; I will not call you my son. Long since you ought to have been in the army!"

Joshua Lesbia, interposed the old matron, "David is not a youth, then, do not speak to him so harshly. He cannot feel what you feel, who have fought—ay often against our country's enemies—Joshua, he is but a boy."

"A boy, indeed, Deborah! such boys as David have already gained immortable laurels since the war commenced. I could name a host of them"—why, were it not for the hope of this land whence would be our army, which, I dare say, is one quarter composed of boys at David's age." The old man here paused, and it was the first subject word that he ever used to his boy.

David arose and left the room. He walked some distance apparently in deep thought.

"What will not woman do!" at last meditated—"here I have been lingering about the village when I should have been off long ago. And for what!—why to meet a pretty girl, and to listen to her nonsensical vows! As much as he myself agree!—what did he call me? was not coward! Now, I am sure I have given him that he has a son who possesses the spirit of his father. Away then with love, for I feel that I am called upon to sacrifice my dream! Ere a fortnight my father shall hear of me, or else I lose my life in saving the it!" And with this resolution he turned about and returned to the house.

When he reached home he sought the stables, saddled his horse, and mounting, rode off into a gallop which continued for several miles. At length he stopped and looked up to the window of a farm-house, and he fell between clustering trees. This was the residence of Mary Rainker, the mistress of his heart; they lights showed that the family had not retired, and he resolved to pay her a visit before his departure. She was alone when he entered, and a few words explained to her his determination. She burst into tears.

"Nay! Mary," he said, "you must not unman me. At first I resolved to leave you without a word; but I knew how much you dreaded my taking an active part in the struggle. But I could not be so cruel in deceit you without a word!"

"I will compose myself," said the fair girl, with an effort to smile. "I know I have been wrong to persuade you to stay; but you cannot imagine the misery I suffer on account of my brothers, and I could not bear to have you too encounter their danger. Both of them fell in the fatal defeat at Camden, I feel that every man is wanted by our country. Go, then, dearest, and may God be with you. My prayers shall attend you, night and day."

David pressed the new weeping girl to his bosom, snatched a hasty kiss at the sound of approaching footsteps, wrung her hand, and was gone.

The next day he left the neighborhood of his father's house, armed with a musket, and mounted on a sturdy horse. His destination was the American camp, then far to the northward; but as the intervening country was filled with the enemy, he knew there would be considerable address required to effect his purpose. Before his departure he saw a few of his old playmates, who promised to follow him as soon as possible.

Night found him near a lonely farm-house, to which he proceeded boldly in search of a lodging. At first the occupant received him coolly, but a chance argument convinced David that his host was a tory, he affected the same political creed, and was immediately warmly welcomed. The republist proceeded his ruder after supper, and insisted that David should join him in drinking the health of the young man did, taking care, however, not to indulge too freely, while the farmer, overjoyed to find what he supposed a new recruit for his party, drank copiously, and became more and more communicative. To his horror David soon learned that a party of Britains, led by a Major Wilmot, encamped for the night and unknowing, were to start early the next day, on an expedition to seize and hang the two Buckers, who had made themselves particularly obnoxious to the royalist leaders. David knew enough of the partisan warfare to be assured that no mercy would be shown by friends: he also knew enough of the character of the tories to suspect that some strong personal motive had led to the planning of so daring an expedition as the seizure of men possessing greater home. He accordingly set himself to discover, if he could, the cause of consternation the truth. Nor was it long before success crowned his adroit cross-questioning.

"Why, sure," said the farmer, "I believe there's a little revenge for a slight received from those Britains' master, mixed up with the major's desire to catch the Buckers. The girl is very pretty; they say, indeed, that the major was down here on a visit last year—before the war got to be so bloody—wanted to marry her, but she would have nothing to say to him. Ever since, he has vowed to make her rue the day. You may depend upon it, he will have her on his own terms now—and a pretty beauty it must be too any how, to prevent an honest republican from doing as he pleases in these rascally rebels. But master in the major, days," suddenly said his host, starting up, "I'll introduce you to him at once,—a merry fellow, you will find him—Lord love you, he is as brave as a lion."

David, though horrified at the diabolical plot he had heard, was by no means at a loss for something in order to learn further of the times' place, and find means, if possible, to circumvent them. The latter, therefore, on the major's hand warmly, pledged him immediately to a friendship, which was continued while the republist believe that he was anxious to join troop and take part against the rebels. This induced the major to be minutely naval, for he wished to secure as athletic a recruit himself. It was not long before a bargain had been concluded between the two. David resolved, however, to sign the agreement that night; he pretended that several others of his friends were dissatisfied, and desirous of joining the loyalists; and his object, he said, was to secure a commission for himself by inducing them to join. This tempting bait took: the major promised him a commission, and David signified his intention of setting forth, after he had taken a few hours rest, in order to have no time in gathering together his recruits.

The fraud of Discovery had been constantly before our here during the management of this negotiation, his success was well known; to many of the major's troop, and if any of them had spoken, his fellows' instant execution would have been inevitable. He considered that he had got off that night, as he had proposed to do, and then his brother officers would hear, and he would be free to remain till morning. What was his anguish to hear, on the morrow, that the major had been gone some hours, and was already on his way to the Buckers, with a troop. Dissembling his anxiety, David pretended to be ill, and mounting his horse, he rode slowly away. But when out of sight of the house he urged on a fierce pace which he continued till he came in sight of a come-road, where was a tavern. Here he stopped, and learned that the republist had not yet passed, and he forced to remain till morning. What was his anguish to hear, on the morrow, that the major had been gone some hours, and was already on his way to the Buckers, with a troop. Dissembling his anxiety, David pretended to be ill, and mounting his horse,